

# GABBY HAYES

## WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

MARCH

10¢

NO. 4

TIPPY,  
YOU VARMIN'T!  
WHAT YUH CAUGHT  
AIN'T NUTHIN' TO  
WHAT YORE  
BRITCHES ARE  
GONNA KETCH!



IT'S ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' LAUGH-  
RECROOTIN' COWBOY **GABBY HAYES** AGAIN!

HOWLING  
COVOTES! THESE  
DUDS ARE SO  
NEW THEY  
SQUEAK LIKE  
A NEW SADDLE!



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

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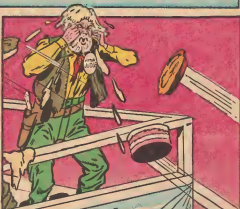
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**GABBY HAYES WESTERN**

Every effort is made to insure that these seven magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. H. Fawcett, Jr.*  
PRESIDENT



IN THIS ISSUE  
**GABBY HAYES**  
IN: THE MATINEE IDOL  
THE PLIGHT OF SILENT SAM  
THE VITTLES CONTEST  
THE MENACE IN DISGUISE  
THE BOY WHO LOVED HORSES

PLUS: TUMBLEWEED JR.  
AND WESTERN HUMOR PAGES WITH THE  
CLOWNS OF THE PLAINS!

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# GABBY HAYES

## THE PLIGHT OF *Silent Sam*

THE BRAKES DON'T  
WORK! WE'LL BE  
BLOWN TO  
BITS!

SILENT SAM, PER  
A FELLER WHO  
AIN'T SUPPOSED  
TO TALK, YUH  
DO A PILE  
O' YAPPING!

**S**heriff SLIM DAGGLE is  
worried by a warning  
from another sheriff...

SILENT SAM'S  
AHEADIN THIS WAY?  
HE'S THAT CRIMINAL  
MASTERMIND,  
AINT HE,  
SLIM?

YEP! NEVER OPENS  
HIS MOUTH, THEY SAY.  
BUT HE'S MIGHTY  
SMART, AND  
DANGEROUS,  
GABBY!

THE RAINBOW  
BANK IS BLAGING!  
GOT OVER A MILLION  
DOLLARS IN IT... AN'  
SILENT SAM WOULD  
LOVE TO CRACK IT!  
I GOTTA FIGGER  
SOME WAY TO  
STOP HIM!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



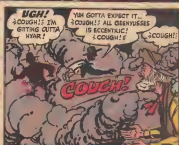
# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



AS GABBY FAILS ABOUT WILKY IN HIS ATTEMPT TO OPEN HIS MOUTH, HE ACCIDENTALLY SOCKS ONE OF THE OUTLAWS



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



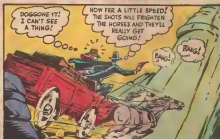
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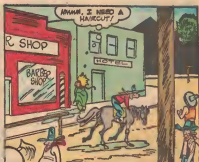
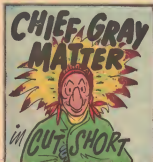


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# GABBY HAYES

## MATINEE IDOL



Wally Waglip's theatrical troupe has come to town for a one-night stand.....



AWA, ME PROUD BEAUTY! THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE RALPH SNEER-HARD'S CLUTCHES!

THE SHOW IS DEAD! WE NEED SOMETHING TO PEP IT UP AND DRAW BIGGER CROWDS!



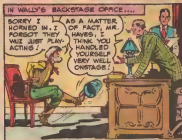
I GOTTA GET A NEW ANGLE OR WE'LL GO BROKE!

LOOK, WALLY! THAT HAIRY OLD GOOT IN THE FRONT ROW IS REAL EXCITED!

GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



SEE!  
A DEPUTY  
HAB YOUR  
HOGG!

(GULP?)  
CORKER!



WE'RE HOLDING  
ALL YOUR  
LUGGAGE, TOO!

YOUR BANKBOOK,  
TOO! GOT IT  
FROM YOUR  
LUGGAGE, PAL!

DABRUEN IT!  
I'M SURROUNDED  
BY CROOKS!



IT'S LEGAL! IT'S ALL THERE  
IN THE CONTRACT YOU  
SIGNED! IF YOU DON'T  
DO AS I SAY, YOU  
LOSE EVERYTHING  
YOU GOT!

OOOOOH!



I STILL  
WON'T  
DO IT!

THEN YUN GO TO JAIL  
PER BUSTING A CONTRACT!



BE REASONABLE,  
GABBY! AFTER  
ALL, I'M PRYING  
YOU TEN  
DOLLARS A  
MONTH!

LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE  
I'M LIKED!  
ALL RIGHT, YUN  
COYOTE, I'LL  
DO IT!



I'LL LET THEM THINK  
I'VE GIVEN IN TO  
THEM! BUT WAIT UNTIL  
THE SHOW STARTS!  
I'M GONNA PLAY THE  
LEAD OR MUN HANDLE  
AIN'T GABBY HAYES!



THE PLAY STARTS! WITH A DRAMATIC  
FLOURISH, GABBY STARTS OUT TO  
CARRY OUT HIS PLAN!

STOP, YOU FOUL VILLAIN!



FIRST, I'LL GET RID OF THAT CORNEY ACTOR, THEN I'LL TAKE THE LEAD!

THIS SAND BAG WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS HAM ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THE HEEL! HE'S TAKING MY PLACE!

NEVER FEAR, LASS! FROM NOW ON WE TWO WILL MAKE BE-OOtiful MUSIC TOGETHER!



BOOO! HISS!

QUIET, IDIOTS! AN ARTIST IS AT WORK!

HISSES!

THROW 'IM OUT!



?

OOF!

NOW I CAN START PLAYING THE PART OF THE HERO!

DARLING! WE MEET AGAIN, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

MUH?



COME WITH ME, SWEETHEART! WE WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER!

BOONK!

I'M DOING THIS RIGHT WELL! ALWAYS KNOWN I COULD ACT!



BOOOO! BOOO!

WORST ACTING I EVER SEED!

BOO! BOOO!



I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY LONGER! LET'S PUT A STOP TO IT!

(GUP!) THEY'RE WRECKING THE PLACE!

KIPP!





(GRR!) WHAR'S THE BOOK YUH BORROWED FROM ME TWO WEEKS AGO, LOCO LEW?

(GULP) ER, ER, I LOST IT!



LOST IT! (GROAN) AND I WUZ RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STORY! NOW I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW IT ENDED!



(GRRR) I'M GONNA PUNCH YA RIGHT IN THE NOSE FER LOSIN' IT! IT WUZ THE MOST INTERESTIN' STORY I HAD EVER STARTED TUN READ!



WOLO IT! I GOT ANOTHER BOOK TUN REPLACE IT!

HYAR IT IS. NOW YUH KIN FINISH VORE STORY.



HUH? BUT THIS ISN'T THE SAME BOOK! IT'S A DICTIONARY!

I KNOW, BUT WHUT'S THE DIFFERENCE? ALL THE WORDS THET WERE IN VORE BOOK ARE IN THIS HYAR DICTIONARY--- ALL YUH HAVE TUN DO IS PUT THEM TOGETHER IN THE SAME WAY!



HI PALS! I KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO JOIN IN THE PARADE OF THE MARCH OF DIMES, ALONGSIDE YOUR FAVORITE COMIC HEROES --- BY CONTRIBUTING ALL YOU CAN TO HELP FIGHT THIS DREAD DISEASE!

Join the  
**MARCH  
OF  
DIMES**

*Fight*

**INFANTILE  
PARALYSIS**

JANUARY 14-31

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS





# THE STRANGER

A BUCK DESMOND Yarn

By Dick Kruza



**T**HE MAN was big and heavy-shouldered. He hulked high and wide in the saddle, and his knees guided the chestnut horse along the trail with no help from the broad hands that lay across the saddle horn. Beside him Buck Desmond rode silently, his eyes on the mountains to the West, where the sky blazed crimson.

Buck looked over at the stranger. "Night is coming on," he said. "What time do you reckon it is?"

The big man reached in his waistcoat pocket. His powerful hand drew out a heavy gold watch. He looked at it and slipped the ornate timepiece back.

"Seven-o'clock," he said. "We'll make camp soon."

Silently, they rode on in the gathering dusk.

Buck Desmond had met the man that morning, as he rode down through the foothills of the Corolla Range. They were going in the same direction, so, as riders of the West often do, they took up the trail together. But as the hours passed beneath the glaring sun, Buck's traveling companion had not spoken.

Even when they paused rest, in the mid-afternoon, he did not seem to want to talk. But once, when Buck looked up suddenly from the campfire he was tending, he caught the stranger watching him intently, his eyes cold and gray beneath bushy brows.

Now the man pointed a stubby finger ahead.

"See that grassy spot by the cottonwoods? We can camp there," he said.

The two men dismounted. As Buck built a fire and cooked grub, his taciturn companion staked out the horses. They ate without speaking. Now it was almost completely black, with only the rising moon giving a faint silver glow to the scene.

Tired, Buck rolled himself in his blanket by the fire. His senses grew drowsy. He could hear the distant howl of a coyote, and the nearer incessant drone of the crickets. Soon, his eyes closed and he slept.

"Git up!" The voice was harsh and angry. "Stand up and git yore hands high! Hurry, yuh consarned outlaw!"

Bewildered, Buck Desmond opened his eyes.

He was still lying by the fire, which had almost completely gone out. The stranger was nowhere in sight, but standing over Buck in a grim semi-circle were five men. Their guns were leveled, and one of them carried a rope looped over his shoulder.

"W-what's this all about?" asked Buck, rising slowly to his feet. "If you're aiming to rob me, you'll find it isn't worth the trouble!"

"Rob you?" one of the men grunted bitterly. "You're pretty slick, ain't yuh? Sticking up the stagecoach, an' figgerin' to git away along the Corolla trail? Well, it won't work! We've been following yuh all day an' half the night! Search him, Bob!"

One of the other men stepped forward, and roughly took Buck's gun from its holster. Then, swiftly, his hands explored the rambling cowboy's pockets. With a grin, he held one hand high. In it was a gleaming, heavy gold watch.

"Look," he exclaimed, Banker Norton's watch! Norton said the holdup teler grabbed it from him!"

"But that's not mine!" Buck husked. "I was riding with a man—a stranger. It was his watch! We made camp and he must have planted the watch on me and ridden away in the night!"

The men laughed scornfully.

"Cain't yuh think of a better one?" their leader scorned. Then his tone changed. "Well, boys, this is it! We follered the critter all the way from where the coach was stopped. The watch proves he's the varmint that did it—the gun-crazy killer that shot Jim Moore. I say, let's not wait for the posse or for Norton to come up. Let's string him up now!"

"Right! Hang him as a warning!" "Fix a loop, Bob!" "Fast justice—that's the idea!"

**T**HE REALIZATION flashed through Buck Desmond's mind. The stranger he had ridden with through the day had deliberately framed him, left the watch in his pocket and galloped away through the night. And these men were taking the law into their own hands. Even now, one of them tossed a dangling loop over a low

branch of the cottonwood. In a minute, he'd be dancing in air, unless . . .

"Unless I start moving now!" Buck grunted.

Whirling suddenly, he pulled loose from the man who'd had his arms pinioned. His fist sank deep into the belly of another captor. The man's guns spewed forth, and Buck clutched at the nearest one—too late!

"He's tryin' to git away! Grab him!"

Heavy hands clutched at Buck's arm, and a shot whistled past his head. But he was fighting for his life now, his tight-muscled arms flashing desperately as he strove to reach the revolver that lay on the ground before him.

Suddenly a voice interrupted the fight!

"What's goin' on here? Who's this feller, Martin?"

Another man on horseback had ridden right up to the fire's edge. At his words, the would-be lynchers fell back a pace. One of them kept his gun sights on Buck's chest. "It's the feller who held up the coach, Norton. We found yore watch on him."

"On him?" the rider exclaimed. "Not by a long shot. The outlaw that took the loot and shot Jim Moore was twice as big as this man. Boys, you almost hung the wrong party!"

**FIVE MINUTES** later, Buck was in the saddle, riding hard to the South. Once the men had been convinced of his innocence, they apologized profusely. Then they'd swung onto their horses to take up the chase again. And Buck was the first one to spur his horse into a gallop.

The big stranger—whoever he was—had attempted to frame the wandering cowboy. Deliberately, he had left him to face a lynch-crazy mob . . . and had skulked away into the night. It was the kind of trick Buck could not forgive. There was a score to be settled.

Keen eyes peered at the trail ahead.

"This moonlight makes it just possible to make out his trail on the desert sand," Buck muttered. "And from the tracks, he's not riding too fast. Figured leaving the watch would throw off pursuit!"

Lips tightened, Buck quirted his horse. Faster and faster the big bay galloped, hooves churning over the rutted sand. A half-mile behind, Buck could barely see the other riders following. "They can come," he said to himself, "but this is going to be my party!" Even as he rode, one hand half-loosened the gun that was once again in his hip holster.

Buck's horse kept up the steady pace over a dry river bed, past clumps of mes-

quite, under the bright Western moon. Suddenly, as he urged the horse over a hillock, Buck half-rose in the saddle.

A few hundred yards ahead of him there was a rider—the husky stranger!

"C'mon, boy," Buck whispered to his mount. "Let's travel!"

The bay's glossy neck stretched out, and his stride lengthened. Racing down the slope, Buck was soon only one hundred yards behind his quarry.

At last the other man turned, roused to alarm by the drumming hoofbeats behind him. He drew his gun, fired once, twice! Buck bent low and quitted the bay into a furious gallop. Again shots whined past his head. Closed and closer he was coming. The revolver cracked again, and the cowboy could feel his horse flinch, as a fiery slug grazed his withers. But, gallantly, the bay kept going!

Now Buck was only a few paces behind the fugitive.

Now he was abreast of the other horse's flank. Now he was riding hard, next to him! From the corner of his eye, Buck could see the other man's cold gray eyes gleaming, could see his mouth twisted in an angry snarl. He was aiming his gun.

Buck's left foot left the stirrup. His right pressed down and he launched himself through the air at the other rider. He hit him hard. Together the two men were flung to the ground. Buck's iron-sinewed hands tightened on the outlaw's wrist, squeezed the black-barreled Colt away. Then his fists lashed through the air, hitting the outlaw on the jaw, the neck, the chest, furiously pounding him into submission.

The killer's head fell back. He was conscious. Exhausted and dazzled, Buck rose to his feet, just as the other riders came up.

"Yuh got him! Nice work, Desmond," one of them exclaimed. "Reckon that little necktie party we started with you can be finished with him."

Buck put one hand on the cold butt of his gun.

"**N**O YOU won't," he said softly. "The fact that you almost hung me, an innocent man, should have taught you a lesson. Guilty or not, we're saving this hombre for a judge and jury. He'll get what's coming to him . . . but it'll be legal!"

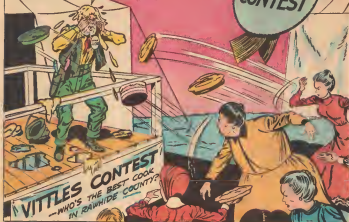
THE END

*A hard-riding BUCK DESMOND  
yarn appears in every issue of GABBY  
HAYES WESTERN!*

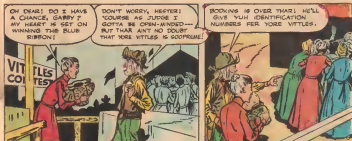
# GABBY HAYES

"The  
VITTLES  
CONTEST"

THW! THAT CLUTARD  
PIS AWAY SO ROTTEN,  
MUM TONGUE HAS  
ROLLED OVER ON  
ITS BACK!



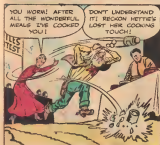
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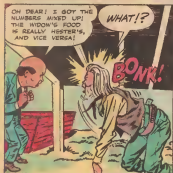
# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# Tumbleweed JR.

IN THE  
"HIDE-OUT"

THIS  
OUGHT TO  
BE GOOD!

RIP

Z-Z-Z-Z

HA! HA!

RIP

P-L-O-P!

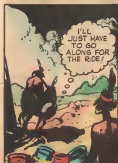
TUMBLEWEED, JR. PLAY  
LAST JOKE ON DRIPPING  
WATER! THIS TIME ME CATCH  
AND FIX YOU GOOD!

HA! HA!  
YOU'LL NEVER  
CATCH ME! I'VE  
GOT TOO BIG A  
HEADSTART!

IN A FEW MINUTES  
YOU LAUGH FROM OTHER  
SIDE OF MOUTH!

(GULP!)  
PLEASE DON'T  
SHOOT ME!







COMIX CARDS

appear every month in

GABBY HAYES  
WESTERN

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
THE MARVEL FAMILY  
IN

*The Marvel Family*

EVERY MONTH!

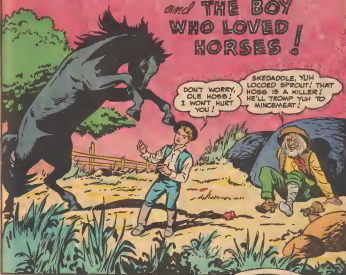
ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSSTAND!

Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard



# GABBY HAYES

and THE BOY  
WHO LOVED  
HORSES!



DON'T WORRY,  
OLE HOSS!  
I WON'T HURT  
YOU!

SKEDADDLE, YUH  
LOCOED SPROUT! THAT  
HOSS IS A KILLER!  
HE'LL TROMP YUH TO  
MINCEMEAT!



IN AN APPLE ORCHARD!

UHHMM! CLEM GOTZ  
SURE DOES GROW  
PURTY APPLES!

THE OLE  
NISER WON'T  
MISS A FEW!

AHA!!

GABBY HAYES WESTERN

(ULP!)  
WHY--UH--  
HOWDY,  
CLEM!

HUPH! SAME  
YORE GREETINGS,  
AND PAY FER  
THEM APPLES!



OUCHTA BE  
'SHAMED OF  
YORESELF!

DON'T GIT  
UPPITY, HYAR.  
I MEANT TO  
PAY YUH ALL THE  
TIME!

YUH OLE  
SAGPLINT!



THE NEXT ONE  
TO MESS WITH  
MUH APPLES IS  
GONNA GIT  
REAL TROUBLE!

AW, CLEM,  
YORE FULLA  
APPLESAUCE!  
C'MON,  
CORKER!  
LETS GIT!



BACK AT THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, A  
YOUNG STRANGER AWAITS GABBY...

I SHOULD'A STUFFED  
AN APPLE IN THAT  
BIG HOG'S MOUTH!

OH, MISTER FOREMAN!  
MISTER FOREMAN!



MUH HANDLE'S TIPPY RYAN.  
KIN I HAVE A JOB AS A  
COWBOY, PLEASE?

HUH!?



I WANT TO  
BE 'ROUND  
HOGGES, SIR.  
I LOVE 'EM.  
PLEASE...

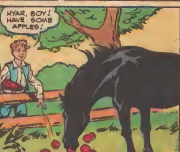
SKEDADDLE!  
I'M IN NO MOOD  
FER FOOLISHMENT!  
THE BAR NOTHING  
RANCH IS NO PLACE FER  
BABIES!

ONLY TOUGH BUCKAROOB WORK  
HYAR! COME BACK WHEN YORE  
DRY BEHIND THE BARS!

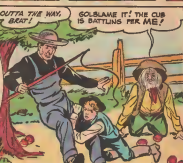
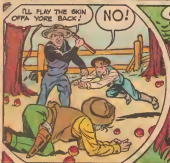
(SULP!)  
YES, SIR!

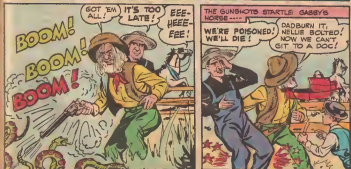


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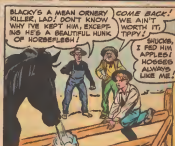
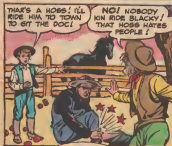


GABBY HAYES WESTERN





GABBY HAYES WESTERN



THE KILLER SKITTERS NERVOUSLY AS TIPPY MOUNTS HIM!



(GULP!) POOR LITTLE FELLER! LOOKIT THAT!

SETTLE DOWN, HOSB!



THAT'S THE WAY! LET'S SHOW 'EM HOW TO TAKE THE FENCE!



WAHOOO! HE MADE IT! LOOKIT THE LITTLE SHAWER RIDE!

HE'S DOING THE CRITTER! AMAZING!



TIPPY RACES TO TOWN AND FETCHES A DOCTOR---

I GOT HYAR BETWEEN YUH AND ME, BOY, ONE YORE LIVES TO THAT BOY! THE CREDIT BELONGS TO YUH!



LATER, CLEM GOTZ CALLS AT THE BAR NOTHING RANCH---

GABBY, IS TIPPY 'YOUNG HYAR? I---UH---WANT TO GIVE HIM A JOB!

SURE HE'S HYAR, BUT THE LITTLE SHAWER'S GOT A JOB ALREADY!



THE BAR NOTHING HAS A NEW HAND! HELL GOT SOO-PREME VITTLES AND BE NEAR TO HOSSES!

THAT'S PLUMB DIS-APPOINTING, BUT ANY TIME ANY OF YUH WANT APPLES, JUST HELP YORESELF! INCIDENTALLY, LAD, BLACKY IS YOUNR IPPEN YUH WANT HIM!

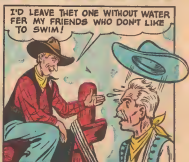
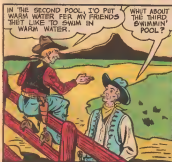
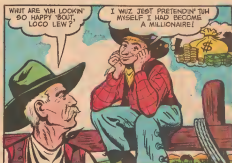


JOHNNY! BLACKY MINE! GEE, THANKS!



**SHORTLY AFTER...**

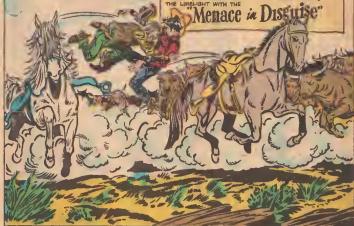




# GABBY HAYES

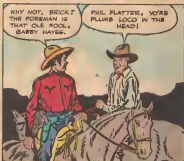
**H**ONORED WORDS OF FLATTERY MIXED WITH A LARGE QUANTITY OF SMOKING GUNS! COVERED WITH THOUSANDS OF THUNDERING DEATH-DEALING HOOVES! TRIMMED WITH HARD-LASHING STEEL FISTS AND SPRINKLED WITH LAUGHS, PROPELS GABBY HAYES RIGHT INTO THE LIFELIGHT WITH THE

**"Menace in Disguise"**



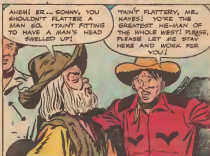
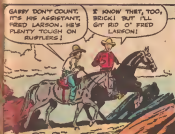
MIGHTY NICE STOCK ON THE BAR, NOTHING SPREAD.

HEY! YOU AIN'T THINKING OF RAIDING THEM??

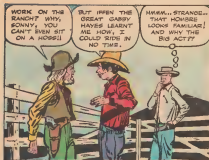


WHY NOT, BRICK? THE FOREMAN IS THAT OLE FOOL, GABBY HAYES.

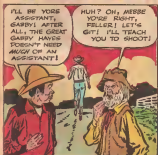
PHIL FLATTER, YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO IN THE HEAD!

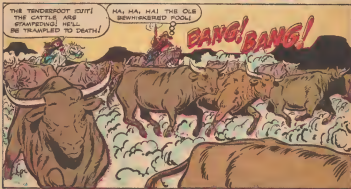
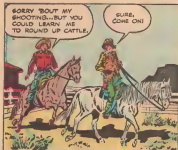


# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

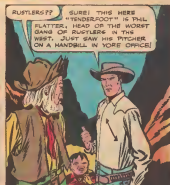


# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

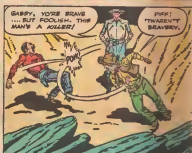




# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



CACTUS



BRAIN

PAINT!

HUH?



WHUT ARE  
YUH DOIN',  
MISTER?

CAN'T YOU SEE?  
I'M PAINTING A  
PICTURE OF THE  
PLAINS.



SAY, THET SHORE  
IS GOOD!

IT SHOULD BE.  
I'M QUITE A  
SUCCESSFUL  
PAINTER!



IS  
THET  
SO?

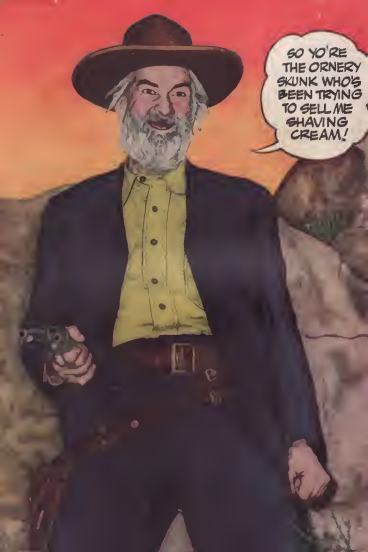
YES, BUT IT  
WASN'T ALWAYS  
THAT WAY. WHEN  
I STARTED  
OUT...

---THERE WERE  
MANY TIMES WHEN  
I HAD TO PAINT  
ON AN EMPTY  
STOMACH!

TSK,  
TSK...

---YUH MUST HAVE HAD A HARD  
TIME GITTIN' THOSE THAR PAINTS  
OFF YORE STOMACH!





SO YO'RE  
THE ORNERY  
SKUNK WHO'S  
BEEN TRYING  
TO SELL ME  
SHAVING  
CREAM!